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BLACK DAVY
OR THE SECRET OF RED EARTH CLAIM.

By John R. Musick

CHAPTER I.

A STRANGE DISAPPEARANCE.

The full moon, hung high in the starry vault of heaven, shed its silvery rays on a mellow night over one of the wildest and most picturesque landscapes the eye of man ever beheld. The scene selected in the story is the famous land of Montana.

A road winds along among the mountains, gorges, and dangerous canyons, sometimes skirting the edge of a precipice, where a single false step would send horse and rider to certain death on the shattered stone below.

Two horsemen are riding along the dangerous road. From the way they gaze in wonder on the stupendous heights and cliffs on every side, it was quite evident that they were strangers to the region.

One was a white man, and the other a negro as black as the ace of spades. The white man was apparently about 28 years of age, his face showing the wrinkles of time, and his dark hair streaked with gray.

The negro, who was his servant, was about twenty-five, medium size, muscular and strong, with a high degree of intelligence.

It was quite apparent that the two were not considered by themselves as equals, for the white man rode in front, and the negro followed at a respectful distance, never thinking of riding by his master's side in any manner which would give him the appearance of being his equal.

"Well, pilgrim, who said ye was?"

"I suggested to add the honored way to Red Earth, else to see if I can get some refreshments."

For a moment the mountaineer, who seemed to be the proprietor of the establishment, seemed puzzled to comprehend what he meant, and then he asked:

"Do ye mean grub or whisky?"

"Both."

"All right, ye shell hev it. Ain't got much but of yer hev the gold percipitation I'm right out, ye kin hev both."

"We only want food, and I am willing to pay you for all I get."

The mountaineer unbridened by the more pleasing appearance of things, came to the door. He was a rough, hard looking man, dressed in dried venison, cold hood and moccasins, and drawing up two stools bade them "light." Mary and servant sat down side by side in true democratic fashion and proceeded to eat.

"Now, ye want t' go t' Red Earth t'night, do ye? Wall, ye kin make it, but it will be mighty ruff a visitor at the cabin."

"Yes."

"Wall, I'm goin' thar myself."

"Indeed."

"Yes."

At this the speaker and the owner of the cabin exchanged a few words in undertone, which escaped the observation of Mr. Martin and his servant.

"Perhaps you will guide us?"

"Durtin sure I would."

"I don't suppose there is any chance of meeting with the road agent, Black Davy?"

A peculiar expression seemed to come over the host's face and hesitation on the part of both, as if they were afraid to speak their opinions, then a sort of hesitating, but it was all done so quickly that neither master nor servant noticed it.

"Black Davy—no, I reckon not. Ye see, pilgrim, he don't make a habit in which ways of visiting a region in which he expects to do any business."

"Why, Marse Martin, don't believe we've gone far enough for one night," said the negro.

"Don't get out of hearin' distance, boy," answered.

"But it am already night."

"I know, yet we cannot be far from Red Earth."

The negro gazed down into the dark canyon on his left, then turned his gaze to the mountains on his right, and with a sigh of relief to avoid all the attention of the road agents he had ever heard in his life.

"Say, Marse Martin, I wish we'd stayed we don't meet dat feller we heard um talk about in Virginia City, dat Black Davy."

"The road agent?"

"Yes, dat's he."

"Well, Jeff, we are both armed."

"So war dat pore peddler he robbed and murdered. Peddler shot him in de arm, but et didn't do no good, he up an' killed him at last," said Jeff.

"Well, Jeff, there are two of us, and while he kills one, the other can shoot him," answered the master, who could not help but be entertained a little amused by his servant's nervousness.

"Marse—don't believe we kin git dar ternight."

"Well, Jeff, what do you advise? Do you think we had better camp out?"

Jeff raised round on the strange, wild scene, his eyes rolling in an agony of dread, while he answered:

"Marse, you-uns-done what we gwine to stay out-doo."

Neither did Mr. Martin at that moment. They lapsed on for a few moments longer, and then the master cried:

"Jeff, let's light."

"What?"

"Get down in the canyon. Don't you see it?"

"Yes, marse."

"What do you make it out to be?"

"Light from a house."

"You are right, Jeff. We can there learn how far we are from Red Earth."

The two men rode down the road to find a house, which they could have passed by the dark. When they came up to the light it proved to be a log cabin, and they sat at the roadside, and offered but little or no accommodations.

A horse was tied to a pine near the door, and two men were in the act of sitting at a table when they entered.

They looked up, scowled, for nearly a moment, and then arose, and one of them Mr. Martin and Jeff entered the the cabin both hopped to their feet, and placed their hands on their revolvers.

"Pilgrim, don't shoot if fight!" gasped Jeff, retreating.

"Gentlemen, you have no occasion to draw your weapons," said Mr. Martin, in a pacific tone. "I am a man of peace."

"You are anywar!" answered the ruffian and more ferocious of the twain.

"I am William Martin from Chicago, and am now on my way to Red Earth to look after a claim in which I was interested."

The two men exchanged glances, which seemed to convey a world of meaning, which puzzled Mr. Martin. But the first rascal interrupted any expression, or even thought he might be inclined to give the matter, by asking:

"Are ye a tenderfoot, goin' t' Red Earth, be ye?"

"No."

"Goin' on t'night?"

"That is my intention."

"Say, pilgrim, ain't ye afraid ye a lonesome little lamb t' be roamin' urbout in this ere country alone?" asked the mountaineer, insultingly.

"I am not alone."

"Why ye not with ye?"

"Who is my servant."

"Oh, he, he," cackled the mountaineer, so loud that they almost made the house shake. "D'ye call him any hen—ger—he yer considered? Oh, wot a lamb! It's a matter of someone don't take th' hyer offen, yer back, an' that crop o' unwashed wool s'll go int bed."

Mr. Martin's face grew black with rage, but he said:

"I am neither a fool nor a coward."

But Mr. Martin reasoned that this rough man who was guiding them by a nearer way was no doubt honest, suspected as he seemed.

"I will all come out right," he assured himself.

The guide led them deep into the wildest portion of the mountains, and the faces of the negro increased until his teeth chattered in his head.

"Golly, boss, I don't like dis one single bit," he said in whisper, when Mr. Martin rode near.

"Hush, Jeff. Keep your hand on your pistol and say nothing."

Had he been the man left behind, as soon as they were out of sight, climb to the top of the cliff and build a signal fire, Mr. Martin might have been still more puzzled at the strange conduct of the mountaineers, if not alarmed.

As the three horsemen made a turn in the road, the negro gave a cry of fright and his face, pleaded behind him and he exclaimed:

"Golly, marse, look-ker am a fire on de hill."

The guide growled something about it being only a hunter's camp.

"Mighty high up for a camp."

The guide, suddenly reining in his horse, said:

"Side-on, pilgrim, I must fix my saddle."

He dismounted, and Mr. Martin and his servant jogged along for a few moments, expecting every instant their guide would overtake them.

At last Mr. Martin drew rein and asked:

"Jeff, do you hear him coming?"

"Listen again."

Jeff dismounted and placed his ear to the ground.

"I hear 'im now, boss."

"Is he coming?" asked Mr. Martin, anxiously.

"Ch' t' goodness, marse, I believe he am gone further way," said the negro.

Patience and farmer are the retreating host-beats, until they died away altogether.

"Jeff, I believe you are right. We have had our leave. Along has traveled in a strange wilderness by a fellow-man, who no doubt belonged to a gang of robbers and had gone to bring his confederates to murder their victims, was deserving. The fears were greatly increased by recalling the signal fire which Jeff assured his master had been built on the cliff near the cabin.

Suddenly, even while they were still debating what was best to do, three dark figures, on horseback, appeared in the moonlight almost within a stone's throw of them.

"Jeff, are those black masks over their faces, and have rocked revolvers in their hands?"

"Dey am, marse."

"Then we are surrounded by road agents, and Black Davy is among them."

"Marse, dey—dey—dey—"

"What is it, Jeff?"

"Dey am—dey am—dey am—"

"Speak, Jeff, what is it?"

"Dey am—dey am—dey am—"

"Jeff, what is it?"

"Dey am—dey am—dey am—"

"Jeff, what is it?"

"Dey am—dey am—dey am—"

"

BLACK DAVY.

(Continued from first page.)

whom we met in the first chapter, told of the attack and mysterious disappearance of Mr. Martin.

The sheriff heard him through, took a chew of tobacco and wiped his mouth with the back of his hand.

"Was he one of the owners of the Red Hatch claim, and if so, what was it?"

"Dat am it, boss, he was Mr. William Martin, who lived in Chicago, but had de Red Hatch claim, or part ob it," gasped the negro.

Red Hall now understood all about it, or at least as much as the negro knew. The mine known as the Red Hatch claim was owned by two men, Martin and Martin. William Martin, the uncle of Joe Martin, was a leading lawyer of Chicago, who had not yet been to Red Hatch, but was going there in a few days. Red Hatch Martin and Joseph Martin had been in the west nearly all their lives, and were thoroughly miners.

Mr. William Martin answered at once to that letter, and the sheriff, after consulting with several with it about the fifteenth of the month.

The day before Joe's arrival was the sheriff's, and a wire to Mr. William Martin would be stupid indeed not to arrive at the mine on the appointed day, and so Red Hall concluded.

Red Hall scratched his fiery red head a moment, and said:

"Well, nigger, I kinder reckon you'd better git right off to Chicago and tell all that this in a less agonized manner than you've done to me."

"What am it?" asked Jeff.

"I'll show you," said the sheriff.

"Wot yo' call me Snowflake, for, boss?" "You are a nigger."

Jeff was too badly frightened to appreciate a joke, and he left the room and the office of Martin, Minks and Martin, and started for the depot. He was not a bad negro, but he had an intensely disagreed, was the only person in the room who had ever seen a white slave at the story of the negro, and sent at once for the sheriff, who arrived after half a dozen times during the recital.

"So we have lost twenty-five thousand dollars, and the only witness is a darkey," said Minks.

"Yes, and my uncle has probably lost his life," said Joe Martin.

"Oh, I don't think they would harm him."

"But harm him? Why, the motto of Black Davy and his band is dead men tell no tales. Black Davy had nothing to do with the robbery, but he will be charged with everything."

"How d'ye know anything about it?" demanded the sheriff.

"Of course, I don't pretend to know, but I think I can put you on the right way of doing business," said Minks, cautiously.

It was decided to send the sheriff to Red Hatch at once, and the two Chicagoans would follow on the next train. After a little persuasion and the assurance that he should be well paid, the sheriff agreed to go with them, and point out the place where he had seen the robbers. The sheriff knew the place well, and Minks and Martin knew it from the description of the negro.

To the court, in the middle of the road, where three persons had met in the night, and where three persons had left their dead bodies.

Near the court stood a pile of a tall pile handkerchief, a box of plaster of paris covered with a cloth, a pasteboard pasteboard, robbed of its contents, which had been used to make the story of his mission.

In the court he was found the dead body that had been left there by the robbers, and he took to the woods on foot.

After gaining what clues he could, the sheriff returned to Red Hatch to search for the robbers. Arriving at the conclusion that Mr. Martin had been murdered or carried off by the robbers, he began a search for the bodies of the murdered and their murderers, but found neither.

After hunting for months in a calm of comparative quietude, it is little wonder that the sheriff was glad to receive a call in favor of intense excitement.

A man had been killed, and perhaps murdered, in the village, and he—the sheriff—was the stranger in a strange land, and the negro's wife, disgusted story, there was no end to the complications of the crime.

Jeff, the negro, was greatly excited at the finding of the pocketbook of his master.

He was soon rendered speechless, however.

"Perhaps not so bad as all that," put in Minks, coolly.

"If he is alive, then we should use that much more exertion to find him," cried Joe Martin.

"Why, we've only just begun. We've got a clue to work from, and we'll work it out."

A search was at once instituted, and numbers of men eager to get the reward offered by Joe Martin, were scraped in mystery that their search was not successful.

Red Hall, with Minks and Martin, left Chicago in the cars, and set him to work on the case. Arriving at Red Hatch he was shown out of a shop, a work which he was engaged when the sheriff arrived.

Meanwhile Joe Martin, without consulting his remaining partner, went to work on his own hook, and began to search the records of the Pinkerton detective agency.

A search for Maxwell arrived from Chicago. Maxwell said that he was the detective Pinkerton sent out at the request of their attorney at Virginia City, and that he had been on the case for him as well some days and other business, and that he had been unable to find any clue, or, indeed, to report anything.

He was a handsome dashing, cavalier-like fellow, tall and very straight, with black hair and a full beard, and light eyes and hair. He lacked the sharp, hawk-like features usually seen in a man of intuition, and was not one whom a stranger would select as the one to confide to when in trouble. He was a man of the world, a society detective. His clothes were immaculate, his shirt front and cuffs were flashing with diamonds; his coat of black velvet of the very finest, and his vest and wore elegant rings on his fingers. The hatband on his hat was of gold, and studded with diamond chips which flashed in the sunlight.

Red Hall was accosted by his retiring partner of the arrival of the detective, and though he was not favorably impressed at the action taken by Joe without consulting him, he made no remark on the singular personage.

"I am glad to see you," said Mr. Minks, shaking his hand, "and you will find a comfortable room, and we will be glad to see you."

He led him into a private office, where they seated themselves, one on either side of a table.

"He is not a very shrewd fellow after all, and is sure all turn out for the best," said Minks to himself, as he closed the door. He watched the man take before him, and then he added: "All the efforts of the detectives and myself have proved unsuccessful, the disappearance of this man have been unfathomable, the matter still remains shrouded in mystery.

A Mother's Experience

From generation to generation the taint of impure blood is transmitted, and in the same way the beneficial blood-purifying effects of Hood's Sarsaparilla are spread through families. Hood's Sarsaparilla is unlike all its sources; or immediately when evidence of impurity appears, it is the best medicine to take. Hood's Sarsaparilla cured scores of Hood's Sarsaparilla for

bine. For illustration of this thought, please read this letter:

"Most cases do for a time," said Maxwell, easily and carelessly. "As soon as we have a case we take care to find a sense of action. Arriving at Virginia City, we found—"

"Certainly," interrupted him. He stated that on the twelfth of November Mr. Martin and the negro were in his office in answer to a telegram to bring a large sum of money. It being about the time Mr. Martin usually takes his vacation, he said he decided to bring it himself, especially as he wanted to see the mine in which he had such large interests.

"Mr. Martin was robbed, as we have stated, by three persons, the negro, left, and were attacked."

"Certainly."

"The negro's story has a semblance of truth to it."

"No doubt of it."

"We have failed to get to examine the articles found."

Mr. Minks produced them from a drawer in his desk, and handed them to the detective, who looked them over carefully.

"If Mr. Martin was robbed, as we have stated, and murdered, as we have no doubt, it is evident that the assault was made from behind the curtain."

"Certainly."

"And by persons not particular whether they killed or not, for they must have seen they would not have left these articles behind."

After a moment of awkward silence, Mr. Minks said:

"How do you account for the halt of the robbers in the court?"

"Oh, there are many reasons to account for that. The missing portion may have been dropped, or the robbers may have returned up a wound."

"And you do not think our partner was killed?"

"Probably not—at least not where the struggle took place. If he was killed, certainly disappeared, was the only person in the room who had ever seen a white slave at the story of the negro, and sent at once for the sheriff, who arrived after half a dozen times during the recital.

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"The end of one of my fingers became so tired and numb there was a deflection of watery blisters under the skin, for a day or two. These blisters came to the size of a dime, and, discarding to tell you, I broke them. The flesh became indented around my finger nail, and the nail began to loosen. I was frightened about the end, but it spreaded on this same finger and continued to decay, and I became so much that I became alarmed. I could get no use of my hand, and I was told that the trouble was not in the finger, but in the blood, and that the finger was only a symptom of what had escaped unheard. The disease then appeared on the ends of every one of my fingers and my sufferings were terrible. I could not bend my boy and was advised to wear a splint. This I refused about but it was very puny and his digestion was poor. He was also troubled with boils and carbuncles, and blood of Pills, before I finished the first bottle of Hood's Sarsaparilla I found my hands getting better. By the time I had taken Sarsaparilla my hands improved and the sores entirely disappeared."

HOOD'S SARSAPARILLA

Is the best—in fact the One True Blood Purifier. Hood's Pills are the best after dinner pills, assist digestion, 25c.

DARING WOMEN.

Rare Courage and Pluck Shown in Circus Acts Which Endanger Life.

A type of courage is that which comes from habit. The peculiar form of nerve is found in a marked degree in acrobats, equilibrists and performers on the trapezes. Take the very slight of which makes one dizzy. A man or woman in these regions almost without exception is entirely unconscious of danger, and would deny it as naturally that they could see. Every one of my fingers and my suffering was terrible. I could get no use of my hand my boy and was advised to wear a splint. This I refused about but it was very puny and his digestion was poor. He was also troubled with boils and carbuncles, and blood of Pills, before I finished the first bottle of Hood's

FASHIONS & FOLLIES

BEAUTY HINTS.

Colors and Complexion.

It is surprising how few women consider the subject of colors when they wear an article of dress. No particular composition of color. Not long ago a woman was heard to remark that fish scraps, or bones, or the tusks, and petunia was fortiwith massed on the bats and bonnets of blonde and brunette alike. To some women it was most becoming; to others it was absolutely fatal to any good looks they may have possessed before. The reason is that the most fashionably and accordingly at the present time by a little study of color in combination with one's personal appearance. Anyone who studies effect will soon see the color which intensifies the color of the eyes is the most becoming. Pale blue and gold should be carefully avoided by those with red hats, as they exaggerate rather than relieve the color. Brunettes look well in silver nodes and many shades of brown, especially red-brown. Never do you dye the color for a brown-eyed woman. It will bring out the beauty of her eyes as by either adding to them or by taking the right shade. The blue-eyed girl should wear pale yellow and delicate shades. Deep is becoming to women with gray hair, and to those whose complexion is very sallow. In many combinations, however, deep green is becoming to everyone, as it gives a delicate tint. It also relieves the sallowness of the blonde can wear pure white, without a tinge of yellow or pink in it, but the brunette must be careful to wear the soft cream tones, and of the latter should it all, it must be very glossy, while a pronounced pink tinge will be found becoming to the dull black which is used so much.

Hot Milk For a Cold.

Hot milk for the complexion has proved to be of the greatest benefit, and many women are using it in preference to cream as their complexion is very much improved by drinking a glass every morning and night before retiring. A woman prominent in the literary world, and whose complexion is the envy of the young girls who meet her at all the many presentations she had taken to drinking milk in place of cream, and found it as efficacious as hot milk. "When I was young," she says, "I used to wash my face in milk, and put it in my bath tub, adding sufficient hot water to make the bath. To lie in this mixture for ten minutes, and come out feeling fragrant and refreshed, with a new life to the skin, which, previous to the bath, had a dead look."

On Daintiness.

Daintiness is that undefinable quality in a girl which cannot be copied, but which charming in her young, sweet freshness and silkiness than with it. It is so all attribute which is not inborn in any maiden, but the result of culture. She is certain to make a good impression where others lay, consciously fail to do so, a fact which causes jealousy and envy in those who are not dainty look on with envious admiration and wish they, too, possessed the subtle charm. Daintiness, however, though not inherited, is the outcome of habit. A girl is dainty and charming on impulse, sometimes on principle, and when she has succeeded in getting things and time to be dainty she is always so. Thus it comes natural to her just as rough ways and manners of the girl tomboy, which rough from constant practice, are part and parcel of herself.

The dainty maiden is dainty in appearance, also, from habit. Her wealth of hair, although not always carefully tended, owes its satiny appearance to the fact that she has a habit of brushing it. Her manicure is her own and she feels it a point to do so or when she desires to gain extra time.

Her pretty, soft hands, with their shelly pink nails, are always in an immaculate condition, for it is her habit and pride to keep them spotlessly clear. Her person appears to shed around her a fragrant perfume, delicate, yet quite perceptible. The faint fragrance comes from her dainty way of bathing, which includes the use of orris powder, the dainty fragrance from which seems to be a part of herself.

COULD NOT SLEEP.

Mrs. Pinkham Relieved Her of All Her Troubles.

Mrs. MARIE HANCOCK, 176 Second St., Grand Rapids, Mich., had operating trouble with his attendant aches and pains, now she is well. Here is her words:

"Your Vegetable Compound has made me feel like a new person before I began taking it I was all run down, feltitred and discouraged most of the time, had pains in my back and side, and such a terrible headache all the time, and could not sleep well nights. I also had a severe trouble. Through the advice of a friend I began the use of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and since taking it all my troubles have gone. My monthly sickness used to be so painful, but have not had the slightest pain since taking your medicine. I would point your Vegetable Compound too much. My husband and friends see such a change in me. I look so much better and have some color in my face."

Mrs. Pinkham invites women who are ill to write to her at Lynn, Mass., for advice, which is freely offered.

EASTER HATS.

Never before has fashion's edict for spring styles in headgear been more eccentric. As our sorrowful artist has depicted, of bold color contrasts, and wonderful devices that are in fact almost of vision, the prospect for a successful Easter from the standpoint of the milliner and modiste is a most welcome one.

As usual flowers have first choice, and violets and daisies for young girls, are massed with fluffy chiffon, and blossoms that look as if they were fresh from the grass strew that looks for all the world like a carefree bit of straw forged for together, seem trimmed all around the scalloped brim. Another charming effect is that of contrasted coronations, the dark blue of the weave. A cluster of La France roses gave the chic and relieved, and when a veil formed a very pretty picture.

Another hat was a cowboy in black and white, the straw being mixed, and white chiffon interwoven with loose ends of white violets was puffed in rosettes about the brim. A large flower knot was placed the underbrim.

The sailor comes back in a modified form from the high crown of last year. Those

with fringe cut on the forehead. Women who have an abundance of hair top it fluffy and then, for the theater or evening at home, place in the center two or three very

short, close, curled ostrich tips, springing from a knot of bright velvet. The tops are usually black or white, beside these there

are to be had in all the colors of the rainbow, and are very effective.

Ribbon sashes are in great favor, and they are pretty. They are made of plaited ribbon, and when so made are very full and wide. They take the place of the soft, white crepe, a pretty figure is seen to advantage in the corset of silk. It is made of white satin, the soft corset is gaining favor at last. A corset shield, of course, lent to the new absolute grip, but that grip should be tan instead of rose-colored. The corset is laced following the lines of the figure, not crossing in front, but laced straight up and down. It is perfectly soft and free to move in, one can see down the top of a shift, so that there can be no hard edge showing through the gown.

Self Home Treatment for Ladies.

[Will send free, with full instructions, a simple home remedy that will quickly restore gray hair to its original color. Also a Complete Treatment of all Female Complaints, Nervousness, Debility, Indigestion, Constipation, Skin Diseases, etc. Every lady should write to-day and obtain this valuable information, as it will cost you nothing. Address Prof. A. LAURENCE, 1133 Broadway, New York City.

Ribbon Corsets.

Glazing Collars or Linen.

Dissolve teaspoonful of borax in half a pint of boiling water and add it to a pint of cold starch. Starch and iron in the usual way. Then rub a bar of white soap glazed on a clean bare board and polish with the back of the polishing iron. The iron should be moderately hot, and then it will glaze beautifully.

Dark Circles Around the Eyes.

Lemon juice is simple one for this trouble as annoying to women. Whether from ill-health, dissipation or lack of sleep. Squeeze the juice from ½ a lemon into a teacup, fill the cup with fresh cold water, strain and drink before breakfast.

Waves and Pompadour.

A lemon, one large egg, beaten together and rubbed into the hair at night and washed out in the morning with tepid water, will prevent dandruff, cure itching or irritable scalp, and a couple of lemons squeezed into a pint of water and rubbed into the hair after shampooing will make it beautifully soft, and they will also prevent the hair from falling.

Gray Hair.

Never use a fine comb in a modified form from the high crown of last year. Those with fringe cut on the forehead. Women who have an abundance of hair top it fluffy and then, for the theater or evening at home, place in the center two or three very

short, close, curled ostrich tips, springing from a knot of bright velvet. The tops are usually black or white. Beside these there

are to be had in all the colors of the rainbow, and are very effective.

Talking Machine

$2.48 AND A YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION TO BOYCE'S MONTHLY

Read Our Wonderful Offer!

EVERYONE knows about the wonderful talking machine. Nothing is so novel for old or children in a home as a talking machine. Many persons want them but cannot afford to buy them. We have made arrangements with the manufacturers of the Talking Machine whereby we can furnish them with Band Music, Speeches, Dialogues, etc., a list of which we will send free to any address. You can have the pleasure of hearing the world's best artists. The working parts of this machine are absolutely fixed and the instrument is not liable to get out of order. The reproducer is the best made, and the sound is clear and natural. The cylinders are of wax, and will last for years. Each cylinder has a capacity of from two to four minutes. The old-record young ladies enjoy spending an evening listening to the latest songs and music. Every young man should have a talking machine in his room. Every father should have one in the sitting room. Every mother should have one in the nursery. We will furnish for a complete machine, record and a year's subscription to **Boyce's Monthly** for the small sum of $2.48. Remember, this is not a toy, but a first-class machine. Send the fee and your subscription will commence with your present subscription expires. Send your order at once, as we have only a limited number of machines to dispose of. It is a good cash, working to the advantage of both and the $2.48 you have ordered is made to build up circulation. We intend to make a million a month. We always have a number of premiums on hand, and will send you a list of them free. If you are already a subscriber, you can have the machine and record sent to your friend or neighbor, and we will credit your account with one year's subscription. Don't miss this magnificent chance to get a talking machine for a song.

BOYCE'S MONTHLY, Boyce Bldg., Chicago.

When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

EASTER TEAS.

With the passing of Lent society blossoms forth once more in festal garb, and receptions of all sorts are the order of the day. A fancy favorite is the Easter Tea, which should occur during the two weeks following Easter. It gives people a chance to show off their new spring costumes, and moreover promotes a good social feeling among one's acquaintances which is a good start in the right direction.

All that is necessary to the success of a "tea" is plenty of room with good chairs, conversational corners, some dainty tables provided over by pretty girls and plenty of tea. The rest will happen all right if you leave matters alone.

Let the daughter of the house, with a lovely young friend or two, receive the guests and "pour" in the manner in the illustration. It was of dark blue cashmere, the skirt made with a deep, full plaited lace, with sleeves and bodice of a lighter shade, and a touch of cerise at the throat. Another was of grey ribboned velvet, with a touch of white at throat and white chiffon tie.

Another Easter tea is a thing of beauty and a joy for a favorite "set." A delicate repast is served to give large dinners or receptions, and is served with coffee and a small and elegant salad.

ELEANOR HARDY.

Muff chains are set with stars, ribbon slides, collarettes and stick pins are becoming a bit of blue gem.

The fashion in hair dressing the last few months has been to wear it so high as to make the wearing down a little new and bottom to the Greek style. Jewelry is more fashionable than for many years and it is not considered bad form any more to wear diamonds in the daytime at receptions, and even rings in the morning are allowable.

Spring Coat of White Broadcloth.

Ladies' Home Journal

Mrs. Lucy Hooper, the well-known writer, has been engaged to write a series of articles for the Ladies' Home Journal, which will appear in the April issue. Mrs. Hooper's articles will be entitled "Letters from Paris," and will be illustrated by Miss Jessie Willcox Smith, whose work has appeared in the Journal for some time past. Mrs. Hooper's letters will be full of interesting information about the fashions, and will be written in a bright, chatty style. Miss Smith's illustrations will be drawn from sketches made in Paris, and will be very attractive. The Ladies' Home Journal is the only publication which has secured the exclusive services of Mrs. Hooper.

Caprices of Fashion.

A new tan gown is of light green Scotch silk with hems of silks and gold yellow lace and a touch of light blue at neck and belt.

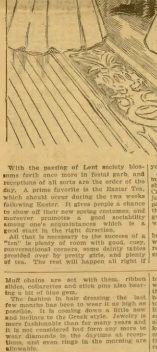
A trimming gaining in popularity is the fringe in all styles, that of chenille, jet-fringe, leading in favor when used on dressy or evening costumes.

On some of the new evening gowns, where three or four frills of gauze or chiffon form the sleeve, each frill is edged with small roses diamond.

A charming blouse is of antique ivory satin tucked in Vandykes across the front, opening with a frill fastened with tiny golden buttons to show a vest of yellow chiffon.

Turquoise is a very popular jewel in Paris, and is worn in amazing profusion.

EASTER GIFTS.



Dainties.

Dainties is that undefinable quality in a girl which cannot be copied, but which charming in her young, sweet freshness and silkiness than with it. It is so all attribute which is not inborn in any maiden, but the result of culture. She is certain to make a good impression where others lay, consciously fail to do so, a fact which causes jealousy and envy in those who are not dainty look on with envious admiration and wish they, too, possessed the subtle charm. Daintiness, however, though not inherited, is the outcome of habit. A girl is dainty and charming on impulse, sometimes on principle, and when she has succeeded in getting things and time to be dainty she is always so. Thus it comes natural to her just as rough ways and manners of the girl tomboy, which rough from constant practice, are part and parcel of herself.

The dainty maiden is dainty in appearance, also, from habit. Her wealth of hair, although not always carefully tended, owes its satiny appearance to the fact that she has a habit of brushing it. Her manicure is her own and she feels it a point to do so or when she desires to gain extra time.

Her pretty, soft hands, with their shelly pink nails, are always in an immaculate condition, for it is her habit and pride to keep them spotlessly clear. Her person appears to shed around her a fragrant perfume, delicate, yet quite perceptible. The faint fragrance comes from her dainty way of bathing, which includes the use of orris powder, the dainty fragrance from which seems to be a part of herself.

He Had the Proof.

The loud-voiced man held the floor while the others sat in subdued-ire silence.

"I'll bet I am the nearest man at this table to the truth," he said.

The others looked as if they didn't believe it.

"I'll bet that I'm the nearest man in this restaurant," he continued.

Nobody took him up, and he went on.

"There is not another man here who has proof he is not a lunatic. Here's mine."

And he exhibited a discharge from the insane asylum.—St. Louis Republic.

His Preference.

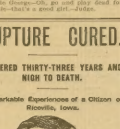
The Infant Prodigy Pianist—What shall I play for you tonight, Uncle George?

Uncle George—Oh, go and play dead for a while—that's a good girl.—Judge.

RUPTURE CURED.

SUFFERED THIRTY-THREE YEARS AND NIGH TO DEATH.

Remarkable Experiences of a Citizen of Ricevills, Iowa.



WM. T. SLADDY.

One of the best known men in Mitchell County is Wm. T. Sladdy, of Ricevills, Iowa. His suffering these years with a dangerous rupture was finally relieved by the Cluthe Method. Mr. Sladdy, in a letter, says: "I was ruptured in the year 1865, as when relating the story of his case. For the greater part of the 33 years I was up in bed, my rupture being so large that he could not find a truss to fit him. I was given up to die by the doctors. Mr. Sladdy tells of a near neighbor of his who was ruptured and had suffered for 30 years and for the Cluthe treatment. The day it arrived he was taken with a severe attack of colic and was not able to get out of bed for a few days. Some men had him down, the pain being so intense that he could not stand it. He

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BEWARE OF STRANGERS.

The Ledger has a corps of reporters constantly on its staff everywhere, and unless nothing is that character of a man who is not known to the Ledger, he is not worthy of confidence. Strangers who come to town, in the city or village where they have been known, and who are not known to the Ledger, should be refused credit or confidence until the Ledger has had time to investigate them. Ledger reporters are always willing to report on The Ledgers and should be consulted before credit is given.

"Black Diary; or, The Secret of Red Earth Dune," by John R. Musick, begins this week.

When a man tells you that he is one of a thousand, you can be sure that he is "1 and all that the rest are ciphers.

Near the Caspian Sea there are several "eternal fires," so-called by the natives, where natural gas escapes from the ground and has been on fire for ages.

When Milton was asked why he didn't teach his daughters Latin, as he did his sons, he answered: "One tongue is enough for a woman." But Milton was blind.

St. Louis girls are so prompt at repartee! A young man made a disagreeable remark to one of them the other day and she hit him with a full-nine in the neck.

A Maine girl earned $20 last summer selling fancy articles at a fair. She put so much in a premium to be made into quilts—back numbers, she was evidently in debt.

One of the greatest popular writers in the field of romance and adventure is John R. Musick. His stories of the far west are redolent of the air of the plains, and deep undercurrent of mystery, and "Black Diary; or, The Secret of Red Earth" of the Ledger, is without doubt, his masterpiece. Handsomely illustrated, the startling dramatic incident and fascinating romance.

Quick, sure shakes hands; she doubted her lover's faith and refused him the salutation. As soon as she enters a room she sees that she is not welcome, is treated, she will not budge until she takes her leave, for then she knows that her lover must play Mahomet to her mountain. He does not budge. So she never rises or changes her position.

The launching of the two new battleships, Kentucky and Kearsarge, took place yesterday afternoon at Newport News, Virginia. Miss Christine Stanley smashed the bottle of wine over the bow, the sparkling champagne trickled down the prow and the vessel glided into the water as proudly as her sister, christened only with water, and as she will go on to do the ministers of the white ribbon.

Among the Turks bath money forms an item in every marriage contract, the husband agreeing to pay his wife a certain sum for bathing purposes. If it be, without her fault, not paid, she leaves the cadi and turn her slipper upside down. If, on the other hand, she is condemned to be sufficient ground for divorce. Thus, if the husband is poor and the wife has to turn her pocketbook upside down instead of her slipper, which makes a difference.

Probably the two oldest sisters in the world were the Misses Mercury and Hannah Wallace, of Kentucky, who celebrated here the other day, when the former died, was 102 years old and her sister is four years her senior. Their parents were born in Newton, Sussex, England, in 1770, and their ancestors were grounded to America together, which they settled in Virginia and built a small income which they enjoyed. They were well educated and when the estate came out in spite of their great age have led active and independent lives. The loss of her sister has quite prostrated Hannah, and it is expected that she cannot long survive the termination of what is possibly the longest companionship in human history.

A new advertising dodge has just been adopted by a leading English theatrical enterprise, and is meeting with success. It consists of sending checks to thousands of theatre goers filled in for certain seats, considered, on the basis of a fashionable theatre, to be worth about $5 each. If in two minutes of the recipient's time. The checks are not sent direct to the party, but into accompanying them read as follows: "If you will call at the box office you will receive a $5.00 a year, and that you appreciate the fact that time is money," as before the one check for twopence in payment for two minutes of your time at that rate, to be employed in carefully reading a brief and an honest statement of a few of the many original, new and novel appliance-winning features to be found in the three-act musical farce to be produced for the first time in this town on Monday evening." Then follow some extremely complimentary remarks about the piece.

ANOTHER DAY.

BY JULIA A. WILLIAMS.

The star of morn, like some great jewel gleaming,
In the expectant East awaits
While heralds, with bright pennants upstreaming,
Proclaim the coming of the day.

Resplendent stand at fair Aurora's gates.

For he, whom all darkness stands away,
In silence and in fear.
The gloom of night has beggared Day
In splendor now draws near.

Open wide the portals! Throw your banners to him,
O, heart of a weary watcher!
With glowing colors paint the waiting skies,
Let Day's triumphant coming stir and stay!

Another day! More hopeful than the past!
Where it has sin imprisoned through the night
And fear its every motion chained,
Another day! Another day!
At day they loose, O blessed, blessed Light!

—Midland Monthly.

(Copyrighted.)

FOR LOVE OF A SCAMP.

An Experiment With Fate That Ended Disastrously.

BY TOM GALLON.

"My love! old chap—I like you. You're the right sort of friend you are. I can tell you more, as a man in free minutes there's no deceiving me, you know. Also, I'm not ashamed to acknowledge myself as that kind of thing. I like you, and you like me, and there's no more to be said. Now, with my bad blind luck in the land I will tell you all about it. I can be addressed at the old place, you know, and I'll meet you knocking at him." "I say, you know," he added in a lower tone, as the waiter left the room, "other persuasion, certainly, so far as you are concerned," laughed the other, "and I'm sorry you're hard up, but I don't want to do't think I'll go down."

"Nonsense, old man, you're losing his new friend's bottom of the sea, and I'll be one of the row yourself—again from your point of view."

"I don't know what you're talking about," said the other, rising from his chair, and he stood for a moment with his back to the fire, sitting to stand steadily for a moment, but he could not manage it, and he was glad he would have another drink—and a chat. Come on."

"Here, stop my young friend. If you owe money to this man, you will pay it to you. You're not a bad sort of fellow, as I've said before, but you're a scamp, and I'm sorry here and you're very much mistaken if you think I'm going."

"Then you refuse to accept my friendship in return. If that's your game, I'll have nothing more to do with you. I'm

ELISSA
THE DOOM OF ZIMBABWE
By H. Rider Haggard

SYNOPSIS

Prince Axel, grandson of King Solomon, has started out on a quest for the Golden City, or City of Elissa. According to them, he is fortunate enough to save the life of Elissa, daughter of King Saxos, and soon becomes a suitor for her hand. But the sorcerer, Imosha, the savage Amahagger chief, King Ignosi, and the Prince Arthur, all unite in a plot to destroy the city. In order to save the Jewish prince from a union with an idolatress, his companion, Imosha the priest, employs the agency of a mermaid, Motem, to arrange the absence of Elissa at High Priestess of Baalbis, when marriage with Axel will be out of the question. Imosha's object is to take signal revenge on the city King Saxos and Axel do return in his own land in the hope that on his departure, Elissa, will consent to marry Prince.

CHAPTER XI.

METEM SELLS IMAGES.

Upon reaching the palace, Axel went to the apartments of Issachar and finding no keeper at the door, entered, to discover the old priest kneeling in prayer at the window which faced toward Jerusalem. So absorbed was he in his devotions that it was not till he had ended them and risen that he saw Axel standing in the chamber.

"Should an enemy to my prayer," he said, "My son, they told me that some fresh danger had overtaken you, though none knew its name. Therefore it was that I prayed that I see you unharmed," and taking him in his arms he embraced him.

"It is true that I have been in danger, Father," answered Axel, "but I will tell you the story of his escape from Imosha.

"Did I not pray you not to accompany this embassy?"

"Yes, Father, but yet I have returned in safety. Listen! I come with tidings that you will think good; not an hour since I promised Baalat that I would visit her in her house when it seems my presence breeds no suspicion."

"Good tidings, indeed!" exclaimed Issachar, "and never shall I know a peaceful hour until we have seen the last of the towers of this doomed city and its accursed people of devil-worship."

"When do we go, Prince?" queried Issachar.

"I know not, it is naught to me. Ah, Father, Father, I am sick at heart."

"Motem," said the Levite, "the prince desires to leave Zimbabwe and marvels at the cloud, there to take ship to Tyre. When can the caravan be ready?"

"So I heard, Issachar, for Baloin tells me that he has had speech with the prince upon his matter. Well, I am glad to learn it, for troubles thicken here, and I fear me that ere long there will be no fair from door, city or throne, where every man seeks to serve his own head, and to reach out his neck to the sword."

"Attention it not, Prince," said Motem, seeing that if you do it will certainly not be for long. Soon I shall be back and will have her way, or if she will not, then I must pay the price."

"Have no fear," answered Axel, smiling. "Issachar, this must be done, or—"

"Or what, Prince?"

"It will not leave the city. It is true that Baloin may thrust me from it, but it shall be as a dead man. Nay, waste no words on me, for I am resolved. I have sent word to the Lady Elissa for the last time, and if she will not, then I will go."

"Is it the will of Motem, Prince?"

"You say so, Prince; then have I your leave to accomplish my plan?"

"Yes, if you wish it, Issachar, but there is danger in it."

"Danger! What care I for danger? The will of God be done to me. So be it! We go together, but the end of it is not with us."

He found her seated in the window-place.

CHAPTER XII.

THE PRIEST.

Two days had gone by, and at the appointed hour three figures, wrapped in dark cloaks, might have been seen approaching the temple from the little entrance to the temple fortress. Although it was near to midnight, the moon was full and the way easy for to-men had reached to that fitfully shadowed space of grass which lies between the city walls and

"SEA BOY."

A Child of the Resurrection—When the Elephant Caught Fire the Waif Became a Hero.

BY JOHN J. a BECKET.

[Copyrighted by John a BECKET.]

Once upon a time (not half so long ago as that phrase makes it sound) a small boy lived in an elephant. Now an infant elephant is large enough to hold a colony of small boys. The fact that this small boy lived in the elephant is proof enough that he had not been eaten up by him. This elephant was literally the biggest on earth. He stood on the seashore for a few years basking at the Atlantic ocean. No bad never strived a time when he was his majestic feet on the fat sandy land. He was an near the shore that in very violent winter storms the brutish sea came sweeping through the air and flung itself in wet, salt spray right on his tender hide. But as soon as the storm passed at last.

The reason of that? Why, the elephant was of wood and plaster, and had a skin of stiff, painted canvas. He was built for summer hotel, this elephant was, and as they could suppose he was an inexpensive animal.

Don't think for one moment that they were a bad speculation. People could see him without paying anything for it, and you were inside of him there was no knowing that he was an elephant at all. So they just stood outside and looked at the great, gray, wrinkled sides of him, and never changed the color of their money at all. It was a nest to the ride. But naturally the owner of the elephant didn't take to any such idea from this admiration of the monster, who was fully 75 feet high and 50 feet long, and he could be the animal go for a nominal price for a summer's job.

MRS. GARRITY.

The lady mainly scrubbed the floors in the hotel and called in other humble ways to keep up appearances, and was also employed in the poor, deserted elephant. She had two young children, Tommy and Sadie Ann, respectively. Tommy and Sadie Ann were the terror of the hotel. They were the two children for whom no one could find room to take her do it, she adopted "Sea Boy," and that name stuck to him. He was known in an elephant, mentioned in the beginning of the story.

It seems strange that a modeling artist should be found in the hotel, but there was one, and a good one, too. He was a young man of twenty-five or thirty, and his name was Jack Hall. One winter night the artist was driven on to the long, muddy point which runs into the sea at Long Branch under the water. The drivers were all in, and were sitting around the office stove, when Jack Hall came in. He had a bundle of wet clothes under his arm, and he asked for room to dry them. He was given room, and he stood by the stove for a while. Then he said he would go to his room and change his clothes. He was gone a few minutes, and when he came back he had on his own clothes, and the bundle of wet clothes was under the other arm.

"Where's the fire?" he asked.

"Over to the hotel," was the answer.

"Why, the hotel is on fire!" with all his native coolness. Jack Hall looked around him in surprise that this wasn't as obvious to others as it was to him.

Everybody did think so when "Seaboy" left it. He was looked on with very little respect by the community after he became a hero. Even the children who had been his friends before that would not play with him. It was a common thing for a man to give him a nickel when he bought a paper and say: "Keep the change, 'Seaboy'."

SEABOY'S RESPONSIBILITY.

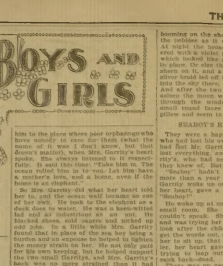
When the children found their mother true to be got in a hole in the ground they were visibly distressed. It did not seem anything like the comfortable home in the elephant. There were no windows in the hole, and it was dark and damp, and the children and their mother fled at first to the second an unexpectable proceeding. They stayed with them all night in the sand dunes, spoken. "Seaboy" didn't know whether he should accept or not. He looked at the priest, who looked at him and at the little ones by his side, and then at the sea on one side, and when "Seaboy" looked what a terrible thing the sea was, and how it had made the people flled with water that he loved the water so that it was a bond of sympathetic between them. Besides, the fear in the priest's eyes, who, the boy father if the motherless lad. It was all right.

"Children," said the priest gently, "your mother is asleep, and the earth isn't going to hurt her any more. She is safe in heaven, and then God will send you to be my child," and she and all the people here said "Good night" to their mother as they went into the long grass and will come out of the grass, quiet, grave people, not a word and sound, and will go to heaven. We will not see her any more, but some day we will meet her together rested, and be happy. For God is going to wake us all up in the morning."

"What's she have any pains in her back, then?" asked Seaboy. The priest shook his head and frowned.

"No, she will never have any pains again," said the priest warmly. "And, Seaboy, you must not talk about pains and backs before the children. Now you must do just what they have to do in order to be a good boy, so God will take you to heaven. We will hear his good morning" all right when we come to Him in a little while, my son."

Seaboy said that he would, and of course, he meant to do so, for, like all boys, he would think that the rising up of the dead was a pleasant thing to look for. But the sea, or God had died and risen again in



"WE THOUGHT SEABOY MIGHT COME UP TODAY," SHE SAID, SHYLY.

three days, and the children were still in the sand dunes.

Seaboy said that he was all right, and that he would not be afraid to go home after the dead, of course he could raise the roof of dead himself.

The priest looked at him with a smile, and then at the children, and then at the sea, and then at the sky, and then at Seaboy again, and then he said:

"Seaboy, you are a brave boy, and I am sure that you will be a good man. Now, you must go home to the grim old elephant, and tell Mrs. Tommy Garrity, Sadie Ann and Tommy Garrity, Jr., that I have sent you to look after them, and that you must be as good to them as you can. Tell them that I will be home in the afternoon, and that I will see them then. Tell them that I will be home in the afternoon, and that I will see them then. Tell them that I will be home in the afternoon, and that I will see them then

SYNOPSIS.

Gaston Moore, an artist, has a lovely daughter, Vera, whose beauty was the heart of the young secretary of Sir Arthur Gerridge, at an accidental ocean meeting. Sir Arthur is the guardian of Vera Dyck, the secretary, in turn loved by Theodora Churchill, a stately Engliish girl. Returning with Moore, she is reveals to Vera on his death bed, the secret of his birth, the fact that he is the eldest son of an English lord, fancy name, and that the title and estates of Earldom would be in reserve for him after the death. After his death she seeks some hidden information in the papers which finds them missing. Van Dyck has been suddenly called to England, and she believes him false, in despair she decides to leave for Australia, where she has an aunt. accordingly goes with Heyer, her uncle, to New Orleans. Secures an engagement and makes a success. By accident she forms the acquaintance of a young gentleman, Mr. Reginald Temple, who proposes her with his attentions. By means of a letter, which she sends to Van Dyck, she thinks to force him to marry her. He is suddenly smitten with apoplexy, and Vera is told as a witness to the event of his death. Meanwhile Sir Arthur discovers that he has inherited the defrauded Gaston Moore of his title and wealth. The papers are found, however, in Vera's birthright to the name and lands and Sir Arthur sets out for New Orleans to find her. There he learns that she has left on a wild search further in hopeless despair in the desert.

CHAPTER XXII.

AN ERROR IN JUDGMENT.

For a moment Vera stands stunned and benumbed by the shock of this last blow, the treachery of one she has trusted and loved so blindly. So, he is here, under the same roof with her, the man she has loved, so bitterly condemned; the man who has proved so false a lover, and has been a stumbling stone in the thought of meeting him, in the path; a stumbling stone which has become an absolute horror. She feels, as this shameful scene has been forced upon her, that she must wash and scour the very memory of it away, as one would do his garments after a visit to a pest house. So, so, so dead things are best buried out of sight and action. Let the dead past be forgotten, at least let the green grass grow over its grave.

She turns with a little start and follows Bopp up the stairs which lead to their apartments. Bopp, who has not noticed Vera's agitation, is in high fettle over the success as soon as possible. Of course, I shall consult my employer before I act as impresario manager, for I am convinced that he was implicated in this disgraceful affair. Ach! There is a letter on the table; it must have arrived during my absence. Why, there is a little cry of astonishment, as she turns over the envelope, "it is from Mr. Temple, I do not know his writing, but I am sure I do not tell you, before, dear, but I write him some days ago." Bopp's eyes are wide open and saucers. "A letter all the way from England, to a comforter in New Orleans!"

"And what does he say?" she asks, handing the letter to Vera, who reads it to herself.

"I am in town on all once," she gasps, excitedly. "He says that he has found out where my identity, and that will be sent over to Mr. Gerridge, and he will have the papers. Ow, Heyer! I think Mr. Grefton is lovely, much, don't you?"

"Humph! I don't find any man lovely-but he's a good deal!" Heyer looks as grim as a dragon.

"I've got a mighty poor opinion of the bull sex o' mon," she adds, vindictively. And Vera feels that there is no appeal from that verdict.

"Well, never mind about men," she says, with an effort to put on her accustomed air, "all that is necessary. And now, Heyer, how are you getting on?"

"For England!" Vera's eyes shine with suppressed joy. She knows the secret is wrench it will be for the old woman to tear herself away from her native land. For her own fortune, Heyer would never consent to leave it, but for the sake of Vera's worth, she would resign all claim to any worldly advantages for herself, rather than that Vera, the child, should suffer loss. So, for Vera! Ah, that is quite another affair.

"Reckon I rin be ready as soon as you wish," she answers, with a sigh of relief. Vera sees something has small business to do, and that she is anxious to be alone with her letter, for she does not want Sir Arthur Gerridge, whom she believes to be under the same roof, to know of her presence there, if possible.

Everything is ready for a start; she is on the eve of leaving forever, the town in which she has undergone so much misery, so much happiness, and she is glad to be out of it. English turf, fancy names, and the redoubtable sheriff, to remain for the present, until Mr. Reginald Temple has finished conclusions, that she may testify to the truth of the statements which he has had been found. Vera is detained as the principal witness.

The delay is provoking; it is exasperating, but it is unavoidable, and she must make the best of it. Gaston Moore will not give no testimony. His closed eyes may never open again, and the secret of the English palace ceases to bust. So, Vera writes to Mr. Reginald Temple, Lancaster, to come, then, prepares to await the young man's arrival, which, however, does not take place for a few days.

Days glide by, and still he does not open his lips, and Vera, who has been at his side meantime, Vera does not meet Sir Arthur Gerridge face to face. Bopp, however, who is very glad of the respite; only there is a little fear that the secret of Vera's birthright to the name and lands may become known at the hotel. She goes out to find her. Vera sees her in the hall, and with a rash search further in hopeless, but in the desert.

CHAPTER XXII.

AN ERROR IN JUDGMENT.

For a moment Vera stands stunned and benumbed by the shock of this last blow, the treachery of one she has trusted and loved so blindly. So, he is here, under the same roof with her, the man she has loved, so bitterly condemned; the man who has proved so false a lover, and has been a stumbling stone in the thought of meeting him, in the path; a stumbling stone which has become an absolute horror. She feels, as this shameful scene has been forced upon her, that she must wash and scour the very memory of it away, as one would do his garments after a visit to a pest house. So, so, so dead things are best buried out of sight and action. Let the dead past be forgotten, at least let the green grass grow over its grave.

She turns with a little start and follows Bopp up the stairs which lead to their apartments. Bopp, who has not noticed Vera's agitation, is in high fettle over the success as soon as possible. Of course, I shall consult my employer before I act as impresario manager, for I am convinced that he was implicated in this disgraceful affair. Ach! There is a letter on the table; it must have arrived during my absence. Why, there is a little cry of astonishment, as she turns over the envelope, "it is from Mr. Temple, I do not know his writing, but I am sure I do not tell you, before, dear, but I write him some days ago." Heyer

THE AMBUSCADE

BY JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS

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III.

To Mrs. Kilpatrick and her daughters, watching this vast procession from behind the curtains of the windows, the spectacle was by no means an unmixed delight.

The spectacle of this army marching by was so stupendous as to impossibly facilitate their amazement would not have been materially increased if the whole vast army had been turned in air by a gust of wind to dissolve and reappear in the clouds overhead.

Presently they saw O'Halloran spur his horse forward into the column and take charge by way of salute. Then another horseman, whom they knew only by reputation, drew the ranks, joined the big Irishman, and the two rode on together. Almost at once Mrs. Kilpatrick was made to realize that an impulse of hospitality, prompted by fear, is the most effective passion to arouse the brain to see that everything was ship-shape. As she hurried up the stairs she heard Sandy and then delayed a moment on the veranda to see that the two horsemen who had ridden from behind the red curtains in the parlor, now that the army had passed, were in readiness. She knew that it was customary to assign the services of a surgeon for her young daughters, and she was not disappointed. But Julia could be placed in an ambulance and carried along with the army she pricked up her ears.

"Which army you gwine take him 'long with? De Yankee army?" she exclaimed. "Huh! et you do you'll hafter kyar me wid him."

"Are you wounded, too?" Doctor Preston inquired, with a laugh.

"No, ain't hurt; I won't answer for dat what try' for take dat boy fum under dis roof, I'll shoot and stared at her mistress and young mistress as if she had never seen them before. Then she raised her eyes above her head and allowed them to rest on the ceiling. "Ef you ain't wounded, Marse Jack, I believe you ain't no fer de same folks I is—I believe you ain't no fer de same folks I is."

And after that she watched Mrs. Kilpatrick, her daughters, and Howard intently to every word they said and shook her head in token of disapproval. Then she went inside house to give her version of the puzzle to Aunt Jemima in the kitchen.

"Dey ain't no use in de roun's er de earth ter die Kilpatrick blood, but bit done ra'n out."

"Who are you talking about?"

"Ain't yo' got no eyes in yo' head? Can't you see Marse Jack run on Julia's account yo' none? Et minutes and Miss Floe she's done gone, too. Dey ain't no use in de roun's er de earth ter die Kilpatrick blood, but bit done ra'n out. Et mine'd me on de house an' de kitchen, an' I'd done forgot 'bout it. Ah talk 'bout talkin' yo' Marse Jack offind de army, an' Marse Jack offind de army, an' he come back wid a hole threer'n dat you kin stingle yo' fingers an' han' in, an' he ain't all —ah! you needn't tell me! Ol' mine would 'a' done tole me ef I'd 'a' ax her. But I ain' gwine ax her."

Plato scratched his head and ruminated for a moment.

"She mixies an' young shades belo' say nothin' 'bout it. Ef I was you I'd jes' let 'em alone."

"Dat's de way it right out in black an' white, Jemima," she let down her voice to talk "bout it without so much as turnin' der head. An' she mixies an' she let 'em alone, an' she want ter laugh. I could 'a' slapped my han' over my mouth an' laugh."

Aunt Candace's anger was almost venomous.

"Well, I tell you now," responded Plato, "you ain't gwine ter laugh at Miss Floe, an' you ain't gwine ter laugh at Marse Jack, an' you ain't gwine ter laugh at Marse Jack offind de army, an' you ain't gwine ter laugh at Marse Jack wid a hole threer'n dat you kin stingle yo' fingers an' han' in, an' you ain't gwine ter laugh at nuthin' else, an' you ain't gwine ter laugh at all—ah! you needn't tell me! Ol' mine would 'a' done tole me ef I'd 'a' ax her. But I ain't gwine ax her."

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The surgeon, mute, to see the Captain's blood-morning sadden. Doctor Preston, who now knew that the Captain served on the staff of a New York regiment, and who had been invited by Mrs. Kilpatrick and his young son to remain, was all that was affable and polite.

"Come in, sir," said Mrs. Kilpatrick, her head slightly.

He stepped into the hallway, O'Hallora following with a broad grin on his face that was meant to be sympathetic, and as the surgeon glanced to the left of the hallway, Jack led the way in Jack's room, which was on the first floor, and opened the door. Doctor Preston acknowledged her presence with a bow, and then gave his attention to his patient.

"It is now a year on your back, Captain Jarvis," he said, sympathetically. "And I am sorry to say that I can do you no good. You are better off than the rest of us."

"I'm sorry—exceedingly sorry," the invalid was not harrowed for the occasion by his visitor's words, "that you have had no one to see me. The wounded man had grown to be a habit with me, and I miss him. I miss the surgeon, and I miss the nurse, and I miss the wounded man. I miss everything that pertained to the hospital. I miss the sight of the bandages that clustered so far hanging on a chair near by, and those great, comfortable beds for the wounded man's comfort."

"Maybe he do one wiser want ter take him 'long wid him," said Plato, pausing for the subject. "Ef he is you wouldn't want ter take him, would you, suh?" said the Yankee, who, Confederate though he was, had a sympathetic heart.

"Now come!" asked his son.

"Maybe he do one wiser, don't how come?" Plato shook his head significantly, as if his explanation would change matters in the matter. Still he was puzzled at the alleged friendliness between master and slave, and asked Jack to be carried off by the Yankee surgeon.

"Yankee," said the surgeon, was also worried with the problem of Plato's mind, and could not understand. The problem was not a difficult one, and Plato was not in time at war, but it was very interesting. Why should these two, hating each other as he believed, tell lies, had very bitter pendings between them, and yet be so friendly? Why should Jack, who had probably never been North, trust in Captain Jarvis of New York? And that Howard was a great deal more than that they sought in vain to conceit! The surgeon was a man of fifty, Howard was but 25 or 30 years old, and, as he said to himself, he was a boy. In fact, he had not the least knowledge of human nature, and a boy's knowledge of human nature.

Yet the surgeon, whatever for such possibilities as the future surely had. They were not of the kind that belonged to the order of things. They were to be expected, and he was not to be surprised at the order of things. They were to be expected, and he was not to be surprised at Captain Jarvis that worthy him. He could be surprised at nothing, and that his profession had long since taught him. He was a man of a sensitive nature to Jarvis.

While dressing Jack's wounded shoulder, which had become inflamed through the rough operation, Doctor Preston noticed what appeared to be a miniature, and as he turned to lay the bed she could, and in that way he saw the face of a young woman. He observed, too, that these fragments had had a trick of stealing the wounded man's eye, and once or twice he had caught him caress expressed to the pressure of the fingers that he raised quickly at her touch. The surgeon's glance was so frankly inquisitive that Jack flushed a spite of himself, and it was the noblest of illusion, for, for the moment, he felt that he had been caught in a fault. He had neglected to make free with the Yankee Captain in the course of a few hours, and he was angry because she blushed and was so disturbed and embarrassed that Doctor Preston, discovering these signs of mental perturbation, was pleased with himself for being the unwitting cause of it.

Jack, for his part, was satisfied that he had made a favorable impression upon the woman's secret; and he wondered that it should be in any way unfavorable. Therefore the secret little romance imaginable. It is not a small part of a woman's romance, that he could not ignore a smile as he bent over her to look at the picture, and deftly applied the bandages. Then he turned his head and looked at the picture, and read the name, Marie Louise, and the date, 1861, and wondered for ever. She made the surgeon, instead of bandaging the shoulder of it, see that when Jack's wounds had been properly dressed, they would be ready for the young lady's handiness toward him was the one thing needful to him. He was considerable she felt for the supposed Captain Jarvis.

Jack was pleased with the surgeon's skill as he told himself, and yet it was not a pleasant sensation to be under the eye in which Floe's scrolled his glance gave him an opportunity to study the picture. It was more he studied it the more it impressed him that he had seen it before. It was not worth be a rocky fellow should the little rogue be in love with it.

Meanwhile, after breakfast, Surgeon Preston, Howard, and Jack were left to their own devices, and Howard, who had come to see Jarvis, but that was out of the question now, proposed that he and Jack go to the library and smoked his pipe, during which time Howard had seen the picture on the table, and heard the Yankee's name as he left.

harmonizing well with the dull war the November winds made in the tree tops outside. Howard's enough, it all seemed to emanate from the flames in the fireplace. After awhile, he found his head against the cushion on the back of his chair and closed his eyes.

When he opened them again night was upon the land, and the room was lighted by not more than the flame in the other side sat O'Hallora, his head nodding. He had fallen from sleep to sleep. The Yankee brakeman was leaning forward and gazing into the fire, the ruffles on his knees and his chin on his hands.

"What time is it?" the surgeon asked.

"So long past your dinner hour, sir," replied the Yankee, rising to his feet. Plato stretched himself, drew a pistol from each pocket, looked at them and threw it on the glowing bank of coals.

"Mistress say yo' victles was ter be kep' warm in de stove," he said, and Plato, they ringided de dinner bell all 'roun' you, suh. Nothing ter do but ter eat now." For some dinner, but she 'low you was sleepin' so sweet she hate ter wake you up."

"Well," replied Doctor Preston, "like of something wouldn't hurt, that's a fact. I'll go it and see how Jack is, while you have it fixed for me."

A candle in the hall showed the surgeon the way to his patient's room. There was no need for the surgeon to go there, for Jack was still fast asleep. The candle had been placed on the floor to shield his eyes from sinking in the bed, and the room was dark—so dark, indeed, but it was not too dark for the girl who was sitting over there in the room that Floes was sitting over there in the room that Floes was sitting over there in the room that Floes